



VOLUME XXXVIII—No. 11.

NEWPORT, R. I. AUGUST 22, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 7,820.

The Newport Mercury,

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1765, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting news, and selected miscellany and valuable farm and household departments. Reaching so many households this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men. Terms: \$5.00 a year in advance. Single copies in the office of publication, and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

NEWPORT COUNCIL NO. 31, Order United American Mechanics; Albert C. O'Farrell, Councilor; James E. Mathewson, Recording Secretary, meets every Monday evening. EXECUTIVE LODGE NO. 7, A. O. U. W., Edwin H. Tiley, Master Workman; Geo. A. Pitchard, Recorder; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings.

PHYSICIANS LODGE, No. 322, K. H. Dickey, John McEvily; Reporter, Q. H. Chase; meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings.

REDWOOD LODGE NO. 11, K. H. Dickey, John H. Mustard, Chancellor Commander; Daniel P. Hall, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain, A. B. Davis; Charles H. Koches, Jr., Recorder; meets last Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

CORONER'S INQUIRY.

Official investigation of the cause of Edward B. Neenan's death.

Coroner Stanhope began his official investigation of the death of Edward B. Neenan Tuesday afternoon at the police station and is still taking testimony. Neenan, it will be remembered, was picked up on West Broadway on the night of August 6, instant, and taken to the police station where he spent the night as a "drunk," and from which place he was taken the following morning to the Hospital where he died.

A large number of witnesses have been heard, police officers testifying in regard to the unfortunate man while in their charge, and civilians telling what they knew about the case. From the testimony thus far taken it would appear that Neenan was a sober, industrious man, nobody yet having been found who ever saw him drunk; that from the time the ambulance was called to take him from West Broadway on the night of August 6, until he was found struck with death in his cell the following morning, he was treated as a "drunk," and that his injuries, which resulted fatally August 7 at the hospital, were caused by an assault and not a fall.

According to the testimony of the Janitor and others of the Police station, Neenan fell asleep soon after being put in the cell and did not stir afterwards, that, when reporting this fact in the morning, the officers could not wake the prisoner and found the coat which had been used by the prisoner as a pillow saturated with blood and also found a pool of blood upon the floor of the cell.

Medical Examiner Eoroyd who held the autopsy, testified that Neenan died of compression of the brain caused by internal hemorrhage. This wound on his head was not large, but it was a mortal one. Medical attention might have prolonged life, but he thought it could not have saved the man. There was a great deal of external hemorrhage, but it was the interior bleeding, which could not be stopped that caused death. He thought the wound was caused by a blow and not by a fall. It would be difficult for a person to fall so as to receive such a wound.

Mr. Cyrus Peckham of Fairhaven, Mass., has been in town this week. Mr. Peckham was formerly a resident of Newport where he still has many relatives and acquaintances.

At the next meeting of the Town and County Club, to be held at the residence of Mrs. T. K. Gibbs next Tuesday, Mr. Claude de La Roche will read a paper on "The Knights of Malta."

Mrs. John Coleman and son, of Milford, Mass., and Mr. Joseph S. Sutherland of Joliet, Ill., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Neil McLennan.

Superintendent of Schools and Mrs. Benjamin Baker have returned from a visit to Mt. Wachusett, Mass.

Mr. Harry L. Hall of Brooklyn is visiting Mr. Noah Redford in this city.

TWO NOTABLE FUNCTIONS.

The Van Alen Ball.

One of the most notable social events of the season was the ball given at Wakehurst Tuesday evening by Hon. J. J. Van Alen, in honor of his daughter's formal introduction to society. The ball room was constructed in England and brought over to Wakehurst to be erected over the sunken garden.

The decorations were not allowed to vie with the permanent grandeur of the palace. In the great old English hall, with its high wainscoting of dark walnut, and ceiling of rich, ivory-tinted tile, potted plants brought out in light relief the priceless collection of antique chests, furniture and war implements. The old broad, oaken staircase was brought out into prominence by garlands of American Beauty roses, which were strung from floor to floor. The terrace on the south side of the house was enclosed, and formed a sort of Egyptian tent, with broad red and white striped canvas. Here potted plants and comfortable chairs and couches, together with the coolness of out of doors, made a most enchanting place for pleasure-seekers. The light was none too brilliant, fairy cups and saucers and decorated silk lanterns being the only illuminators used, except such beams as came out through the windows from the villa or through openings in the canvas from the molten moon which was approaching fullness. The ball room is a most magnificent one, 48 feet high, with dancing space 40x35 feet. The walls were broken up into panels and windows, there being eight of the latter, those on the south looking out into the garden below. Through these at the two ends glimpes could be had of the two orchestras, which furnished continuous music. On the house side two wide doorways, side by side, opened out upon the steps of the terrace. Opposite these doorways there was a massive marble mantelpiece supporting a huge mirror some 10 feet high. The fireplace and top of the mantel were banked with out flowers. The general color scheme of the painting was drab and yellow, the panels containing clusters of musical instruments, and over the doorways were two highly colored paintings of nude children. Frequent brushing of gold throughout the whole design gave the scene a glittering effect. The octagonal floor space was wholly reserved for dancing, and the decorations were all placed on the walls. Garlands of pinks, primroses, and green were fastened just below the halo of light. Few other decorations were attempted.

Mrs. Van Alen was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. William Astor, her grandmother; Mrs. Grinnell, her aunt, and Miss Grinnell.

The Taylor-Witshop Wedding.

Another event this week which will occupy a prominent place in the society annals of 1896 was the wedding at Trinity church on Wednesday of Mr. Moses Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor, and Miss Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Heber E. Bishop. The church was most beautifully decorated with pink hollyhocks, entwined with green and tied with broad pink sash ribbons. Mr. Boone presided at the organ and rendered a pleasing programme of wedding music during the assembling of the guests. A little past the appointed hour, the bridal party entered the church. The ushers, Messrs. Columbus C. Baldwin, Frederick Whinney, Harold P. Whiting, F. C. Bishop, F. L. Pohl and Rawlings L. Cottontop, led the way, followed by the bridesmaids Miss Minnie Bishop, Miss Sloane, Miss Sybil Sherman, Miss Taylor, sister of the groom, Miss Tiffany and Miss Maria Whinney. They were gowned in white silk, with bows and belts of light blue ribbon, and each wore Leghorn hats with white ostrich plumes. Each carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bride was accompanied by her father and looked charming in a Worth gown of white satin, trimmed with point lace. She carried a bouquet of white roses. Her long, flowing veil was caught by diamonds. At the altar, the groom and his best man, Mr. H. R. Taylor, were waiting for them and the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. F. B. Jackson. A wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents on Hatton Hill, after which Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left for a bridal tour.

The W. W. Whitten Cycle Manufacturing Co. assigned Wednesday for the benefit of its creditors, attorney Samuel T. Douglas being the assignee. The indebtedness of the company is about \$30,000, and while the nominal assets are more than that amount, it is believed that they will shrink in liquidation.

Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D., president of Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Penn., will preach at the Central Baptist church tomorrow and next Sunday.

Mr. Edwin D. Cook and Mr. Frank Cook of Northampton, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Chase on Farewell street.

Mr. Harry L. Hall of Brooklyn is visiting Mr. Noah Redford in this city.

Gossip.

Mr. Chauncy Depew spent Sunday with Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt at "The Breakers."

Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., gave a most enjoyable children's ball at "Wayside" Wednesday evening.

H. R. Cross of England is the guest of John N. A. Griswold.

François C. Bishop is the guest of Heber E. Bishop.

J. M. Waterbury, Jr., of New York is the guest of M. S. Barger.

Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Drexel entertained a large party of friends on board their steam yacht Sultana. The floral decorations were very

Frank L. Polk of New York is a guest of Reginald Brooks.

Vicomtesse de Trederon accompanied by her son, Vicomte de Trederon, are in town for a short visit.

Miss Sarah Thompson is the guest of Major and Mrs. T. K. Gibbs.

Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry entertained on board the yacht Electra Monday.

Mrs. Richardson Clover, wife of Lieutenant Commander Clover, U. S. N., entertained at dinner Monday evening.

Mrs. Stanley Mortimer entertained at luncheon Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid of New York is the guest of Mrs. Ogden Mills.

B. B. Kittredge of Philadelphia is staying with Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel at their summer residence here.

Mrs. Edward F. Rock entertained at dinner Sunday evening at her villa on Old Beach road. The table decorations were American Beauty roses and Maidenhair fern. Monday Mrs. Rock entertained at luncheon.

Mrs. Edward Lauterbach gave a luncheon at the Casino Saturday afternoon in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Braddin Hamilton. There were 14 guests present, the tables were decorated with roses and pinks and Prof. Mullaly arranged special selections for the occasion.

Monday evening Mrs. William Astor gave another of her renowned dinners in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Van Alen. The floral decorations were very fine.

Mrs. Potter Palmer gave a delightful dinner party at her villa, Arleigh, Monday evening, the decorations being roses and lilies of the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hunter will occupy their country seat at their Middletown farm during the next six weeks.

A handsome memorial ledger has been placed over the grave of the late Richard M. Hunt at the Island Cemetery.

The Taylor-Witshop Wedding.

Another event this week which will occupy a prominent place in the society annals of 1896 was the wedding at Trinity church on Wednesday of Mr. Moses Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor, and Miss Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Heber E. Bishop.

The church was most beautifully decorated with pink hollyhocks, entwined with green and tied with broad pink sash ribbons.

Mr. Boone presided at the organ and rendered a pleasing programme of wedding music during the assembling of the guests.

A little past the appointed hour, the bridal party entered the church.

The ushers, Messrs. Columbus C. Baldwin, Frederick Whinney, Harold P. Whiting, F. C. Bishop, F. L. Pohl and Rawlings L. Cottontop, led the way, followed by the bridesmaids Miss Minnie Bishop, Miss Sloane, Miss Sybil Sherman, Miss Taylor, sister of the groom, Miss Tiffany and Miss Maria Whinney.

They were gowned in white silk, with bows and belts of light blue ribbon, and each wore Leghorn hats with white ostrich plumes.

Each carried a bouquet of pink roses.

The bride was accompanied by her father and looked charming in a Worth gown of white satin, trimmed with point lace.

She carried a bouquet of white roses.

Her long, flowing veil was caught by diamonds.

At the altar, the groom and his best man, Mr. H. R. Taylor, were waiting for them and the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. F. B. Jackson.

A wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents on Hatton Hill, after which Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left for a bridal tour.

The W. W. Whitten Cycle Manufacturing Co. assigned Wednesday for the benefit of its creditors, attorney Samuel T. Douglas being the assignee. The indebtedness of the company is about \$30,000, and while the nominal assets are more than that amount, it is believed that they will shrink in liquidation.

Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D., president of Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Penn., will preach at the Central Baptist church tomorrow and next Sunday.

Mr. Edwin D. Cook and Mr. Frank Cook of Northampton, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Chase on Farewell street.

Mr. Harry L. Hall of Brooklyn is visiting Mr. Noah Redford in this city.

Base Ball.

On Friday of last week the Murray and Irwin combination disported itself at Freebody Park with the following result:

| AB | R | BB | P | O | A | E |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|---|
| NEWPORT | | | | | | |
| Gilbert, c. f. | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Grant, c. f. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Cotter, 1b p. | 4 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 6 |
| Hudson, c. f. | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Irwin, c. f. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Dowd, 1b, p. | 5 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Cleland, c. f. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Frauses, 6. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 4 |
| Diamond, 3b. | 5 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Totals. | 20 | 11 | 10 | 27 | 14 | 8 |

| AB | R | BB | P | O | A | E |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|---|
| PAWtucket | | | | | | |
| Smith, p. & r. f. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Watson, c. f. | 4 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 6 |
| Hudson, c. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Irwin, c. f. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Whitney, 5. | 5 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Hannegan, 1b. | 5 | 2 | 2 | 13 | 0 | 0 |
| News, 2b. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Coughlin, 3b. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 2 |
| Hornor, r. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Leach, p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Totals. | 32 | 11 | 16 | 27 | 30 | 4 |

| AB | R | BB | P | O | A | E |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |

<tbl

HARVEST OF TARES.

BJALMAR BJORTH BOYEREN.

Copyright, 1896, by the Author.

CHAPTER XXL

Hulda, having obtained a leave of absence from her office on a delicate plea, brought herself of a colleague of hers, a Norwegian typewriter who was employed in the office of a Scandinavian lawyer. This girl, Anse Halvorsen by name, was extremely pretty, and Hulda angrily concluded from her general knowledge of the masculine gender that a pretty girl would be more likely to enjoy the acquaintance of the elusive artist than a homely one. Moreover, Hulda had a vague recollection that Anse had told her of some desperate infatuation she had had with an artist, and it may occurred to her that the artist might be Olaf Brun. The number of Scandinavian artists in Chicago could not be very great, and my bet of a crew would be sure to lead sooner or later to the one she was in search of. By a happy accident the lawyer was in court when she called, and the two girls sat down and chatted to their hearts' content, exchanging both social and confessional confidences, but so gaily mixed that they could not be separated. Hulda avowedly led the conversation to artists with whom she professed an intimate familiarity, and was fairly glowing with delight when her friend walked straight into her trap and innocently mentioned a young artist with whom she declared she had had a "most tremendous flirtation."

"What his name Brun, Olaf Brun?" Hulda asked. In her glib, thoughtless way.

"Why, how do you know? He surely hasn't been making love to you!" cried Anse Halvorsen in alarm.

"No, not a bit of it. But perhaps it's not the same man we are talking about. He and I used to live in Division street, No. —."

Hulda mentioned Brun's last address, which she had obtained from Hulda.

"Yes, exactly," cried Anse gaily.

"It's the very same one, but he doesn't live there any more. He lives in Halsted street, No. —."

Hulda walked up the creaking staircase and paused outside the door which the maid had indicated. Her heart raced.

Her blood hammered in her temples.

A mist gathered before her eyes and floated slowly away as she gazed at it.

She must be strong now—strong, strong. She murmured the word with a passionate intensity and putting herself together resolved, come what may, not to surrender to any weakness.

She knocked at the door, and with her heart in her throat listened for a response.

She could hear some one move about inside in a hurried fashion, stumbling over a chair and raising or closing a window. She repeated her knock, and after a pause of half a minute the door was opened from the inside, and a young man with tousled hair and a handsome but dissipated face confronted her. He wore a pair of slippers down at the heels, and his slender figure was wrapped in a shabby overcoat.

"What do you want?" he asked peevishly.

He could scarcely distinguish her features in the dusk of the hall, but yet a startled look came into his eyes, and he fell back a step and opened the door wider.

"Good heavens!" he cried as the light from the window fell upon her face. "Hulda, in God's name, what are you doing here?"

It was difficult to tell whether he was not more astonished than delighted to see her, but after an instant of utter blankness he seemed to feel that his welcome was more too cordial, and pulling her into the room he kissed her, grasped both her hands and gazed at her and then kissed her again.

"Why do you take a fellow so by surprise?" he exclaimed in apologetic confusion. "Who under the sun expected

"I have found him," cried Hulda triumphantly.

Hulda pressed her hand against her heart. She did not trust herself to speak, but walked with subdued agitation across the floor and stood for awhile with her forehead pressed against the window. Then having mastered her emotion, she put on her hat and cloak and bade Hulda to follow her. The rain had now ceased, but the sky overhead was like a leaden roof which shut down upon the city, keeping all its smoke and exhalations imprisoned. The tone of the atmosphere was grayish brown and so dense that you could not see to the end of the block. But though not in a common sense pretty, the scene of the great populous streets was gloriously pictur-esque. The colossal 10 and 20 story buildings leaping out of the fog and rising themselves above in misty indistinctness, the huge tracks laden with merchandise and the endless succession of cable car trains shooting hither and thither, sounding their monotonous clack in the twilight, obtained but a picture the dusky conglomerate impressiveness of which was tremendously impressive. Hulda, clutching her companion's arm, looked about at the swarming crowds hurrying along the muddy sidewalks, and she marveled how she could have found her way here yesterday without guidance. She wondered, too, at the extraordinary ease with which Hulda moved through the multitude gliding along like a fish through water, without feelings or collisions. Quite content to interest herself to the leadership of this metropolitan character, she trudged along for a couple of blocks, oppressed with a hopeless sense of alarm which she fancied the world never be able to conquer. Presently she found herself in a street car and bade Hulda talk to her with flushed excitement, telling her of the strategy by which she had outwitted the pretty typewriter. It did not occur to her that there was anything wanting to Olaf Brun's fauna in this story, and as Hulda only sat looking at her with an enigmatic white smile, showing no sign of offense, Hulda persevered to the bitter end. She had expected a little praise for her ingenuity and thanks for her devotion, but having waited for awhile in vain was forced to the conclusion that Hulda had scarcely heard a word of what she had been saying. Hulda's heart was full to overflowing, and strange little anxious thrills joyously joyful and dutifully joyous, kept rippling through her, excluding all other sensations. She had room for but one thought—the thought of him whom she loved, for whose sake she had left him and kindred, whom she was now to see again. She had expected to experience a pure and lofty ecstasy in the mere consciousness of being so near him, and glad she was indeed, but yet strangely troubled by forebodings which she could not dismiss.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

"This is a blasted country," he was saying. "People here have no more appreciation of art than a cat has of mustard. I made an awful mistake in coming here, there's no doubt of that. But it's too late to remedy it now since my high and mighty uncle blankly refuses me funds for returning, or for anything else, for that matter. I have managed to scrounge up the scrottest kind of a living by selling a drawing now and then to the various papers and depending for the rest upon the free lumbermen counters. I was just trying to compose an appropriate design for a new kind of soap when you came in—something happy and to the point, something in the style of 'Good morning. Have you used Pear's soap? or like the allusion to those infant children who cry for custard?'"

"Now," said Hulda, gathering a sudden mystery of herself, "I shall have to ask you kindly to wait for me here, or, if you prefer it, you may return to the office. I shall not need you any more now. You have been very kind to me, and I am very grateful to you."

Hulda met this declaration with a look of blank amazement. She had intended to "assist" at the scene of reconciliation and to participate in the benevolent friend of the heroine in the various chapters of the romance until it ended and "they lived happily ever afterward." Hulda despaired of her seeming thus far to say the least, ungracious.

"But, surely," she objected, "you don't intend to have me leave ye here, I shall sit down on the steps and wait for ye."

"Very well. But I think you had better not."

"Oh, shucks! I guess you may want me yet. You needn't hurry on my account."

Hulda walked up the creaking staircase and paused outside the door which the maid had indicated. Her heart raced. Her blood hammered in her temples. A mist gathered before her eyes and floated slowly away as she gazed at it. She must be strong now—strong, strong. She murmured the word with a passionate intensity and putting herself together resolved, come what may, not to surrender to any weakness.

She knocked at the door, and with her heart in her throat listened for a response.

She could hear some one move about inside in a hurried fashion, stumbling over a chair and raising or closing a window. She repeated her knock, and after a pause of half a minute the door was opened from the inside, and a young man with tousled hair and a handsome but dissipated face confronted her. He wore a pair of slippers down at the heels, and his slender figure was wrapped in a shabby overcoat.

"What do you want?" he asked peevishly.

He could scarcely distinguish her features in the dusk of the hall, but yet a startled look came into his eyes, and he fell back a step and opened the door wider.

"Good heavens!" he cried as the light from the window fell upon her face. "Hulda, in God's name, what are you doing here?"

It was difficult to tell whether he was not more astonished than delighted to see her, but after an instant of utter blankness he seemed to feel that his welcome was more too cordial, and pulling her into the room he kissed her, grasped both her hands and gazed at her and then kissed her again.

"Why do you take a fellow so by surprise?" he exclaimed in apologetic confusion. "Who under the sun expected

"I have found him," cried Hulda triumphantly.

Hulda pressed her hand against her heart. She did not trust herself to speak, but walked with subdued agitation across the floor and stood for awhile with her forehead pressed against the window. Then having mastered her emotion, she put on her hat and cloak and bade Hulda to follow her. The rain had now ceased, but the sky overhead was like a leaden roof which shut down upon the city, keeping all its smoke and exhalations imprisoned. The tone of the atmosphere was grayish brown and so dense that you could not see to the end of the block. But though not in a common sense pretty, the scene of the great populous streets was gloriously pictur-esque. The colossal 10 and 20 story buildings leaping out of the fog and rising themselves above in misty indistinctness, the huge tracks laden with merchandise and the endless succession of cable car trains shooting hither and thither, sounding their monotonous clack in the twilight, obtained but a picture the dusky conglomerate impressiveness of which was tremendously impressive. Hulda, clutching her companion's arm, looked about at the swarming crowds hurrying along the muddy sidewalks, and she marveled how she could have found her way here yesterday without guidance. She wondered, too, at the extraordinary ease with which Hulda moved through the multitude gliding along like a fish through water, without feelings or collisions. Quite content to interest herself to the leadership of this metropolitan character, she trudged along for a couple of blocks, oppressed with a hopeless sense of alarm which she fancied the world never be able to conquer. Presently she found herself in a street car and bade Hulda talk to her with flushed excitement, telling her of the strategy by which she had outwitted the pretty typewriter. It did not occur to her that there was anything wanting to Olaf Brun's fauna in this story, and as Hulda only sat looking at her with an enigmatic white smile, showing no sign of offense, Hulda persevered to the bitter end. She had expected a little praise for her ingenuity and thanks for her devotion, but having waited for awhile in vain was forced to the conclusion that Hulda had scarcely heard a word of what she had been saying. Hulda's heart was full to overflowing, and strange little anxious thrills joyously joyful and dutifully joyous, kept rippling through her, excluding all other sensations. She had room for but one thought—the thought of him whom she loved, for whose sake she had left him and kindred, whom she was now to see again. She had expected to experience a pure and lofty ecstasy in the mere consciousness of being so near him, and glad she was indeed, but yet strangely troubled by forebodings which she could not dismiss.

"This is a blasted country," he was saying. "People here have no more appreciation of art than a cat has of mustard. I made an awful mistake in coming here, there's no doubt of that. But it's too late to remedy it now since my high and mighty uncle blankly refuses me funds for returning, or for anything else, for that matter. I have managed to scrounge up the scrottest kind of a living by selling a drawing now and then to the various papers and depending for the rest upon the free lumbermen counters. I was just trying to compose an appropriate design for a new kind of soap when you came in—something happy and to the point, something in the style of 'Good morning. Have you used Pear's soap? or like the allusion to those infant children who cry for custard?'"

"Now," said Hulda, gathering a sudden mystery of herself, "I shall have to ask you kindly to wait for me here, or, if you prefer it, you may return to the office. I shall not need you any more now. You have been very kind to me, and I am very grateful to you."

Hulda met this declaration with a look of blank amazement. She had intended to "assist" at the scene of reconciliation and to participate in the benevolent friend of the heroine in the various chapters of the romance until it ended and "they lived happily ever afterward." Hulda despaired of her seeming thus far to say the least, ungracious.

"But, surely," she objected, "you don't intend to have me leave ye here, I shall sit down on the steps and wait for ye."

"Very well. But I think you had better not."

"Oh, shucks! I guess you may want me yet. You needn't hurry on my account."

Hulda walked up the creaking staircase and paused outside the door which the maid had indicated. Her heart raced. Her blood hammered in her temples. A mist gathered before her eyes and floated slowly away as she gazed at it. She must be strong now—strong, strong. She murmured the word with a passionate intensity and putting herself together resolved, come what may, not to surrender to any weakness.

She knocked at the door, and with her heart in her throat listened for a response.

She could hear some one move about inside in a hurried fashion, stumbling over a chair and raising or closing a window. She repeated her knock, and after a pause of half a minute the door was opened from the inside, and a young man with tousled hair and a handsome but dissipated face confronted her. He wore a pair of slippers down at the heels, and his slender figure was wrapped in a shabby overcoat.

"What do you want?" he asked peevishly.

He could scarcely distinguish her features in the dusk of the hall, but yet a startled look came into his eyes, and he fell back a step and opened the door wider.

"Good heavens!" he cried as the light from the window fell upon her face. "Hulda, in God's name, what are you doing here?"

It was difficult to tell whether he was not more astonished than delighted to see her, but after an instant of utter blankness he seemed to feel that his welcome was more too cordial, and pulling her into the room he kissed her, grasped both her hands and gazed at her and then kissed her again.

"Why do you take a fellow so by surprise?" he exclaimed in apologetic confusion. "Who under the sun expected

"I have found him," cried Hulda triumphantly.

Hulda pressed her hand against her heart. She did not trust herself to speak, but walked with subdued agitation across the floor and stood for awhile with her forehead pressed against the window. Then having mastered her emotion, she put on her hat and cloak and bade Hulda to follow her. The rain had now ceased, but the sky overhead was like a leaden roof which shut down upon the city, keeping all its smoke and exhalations imprisoned. The tone of the atmosphere was grayish brown and so dense that you could not see to the end of the block. But though not in a common sense pretty, the scene of the great populous streets was gloriously pictur-esque. The colossal 10 and 20 story buildings leaping out of the fog and rising themselves above in misty indistinctness, the huge tracks laden with merchandise and the endless succession of cable car trains shooting hither and thither, sounding their monotonous clack in the twilight, obtained but a picture the dusky conglomerate impressiveness of which was tremendously impressive. Hulda, clutching her companion's arm, looked about at the swarming crowds hurrying along the muddy sidewalks, and she marveled how she could have found her way here yesterday without guidance. She wondered, too, at the extraordinary ease with which Hulda moved through the multitude gliding along like a fish through water, without feelings or collisions. Quite content to interest herself to the leadership of this metropolitan character, she trudged along for a couple of blocks, oppressed with a hopeless sense of alarm which she fancied the world never be able to conquer. Presently she found herself in a street car and bade Hulda talk to her with flushed excitement, telling her of the strategy by which she had outwitted the pretty typewriter. It did not occur to her that there was anything wanting to Olaf Brun's fauna in this story, and as Hulda only sat looking at her with an enigmatic white smile, showing no sign of offense, Hulda persevered to the bitter end. She had expected a little praise for her ingenuity and thanks for her devotion, but having waited for awhile in vain was forced to the conclusion that Hulda had scarcely heard a word of what she had been saying. Hulda's heart was full to overflowing, and strange little anxious thrills joyously joyful and dutifully joyous, kept rippling through her, excluding all other sensations. She had room for but one thought—the thought of him whom she loved, for whose sake she had left him and kindred, whom she was now to see again. She had expected to experience a pure and lofty ecstasy in the mere consciousness of being so near him, and glad she was indeed, but yet strangely troubled by forebodings which she could not dismiss.

"This is a blasted country," he was saying. "People here have no more appreciation of art than a cat has of mustard. I made an awful mistake in coming here, there's no doubt of that. But it's too late to remedy it now since my high and mighty uncle blankly refuses me funds for returning, or for anything else, for that matter. I have managed to scrounge up the scrottest kind of a living by selling a drawing now and then to the various papers and depending for the rest upon the free lumbermen counters. I was just trying to compose an appropriate design for a new kind of soap when you came in—something happy and to the point, something in the style of 'Good morning. Have you used Pear's soap? or like the allusion to those infant children who cry for custard?'"

"Now," said Hulda, gathering a sudden mystery of herself, "I shall have to ask you kindly to wait for me here, or, if you prefer it, you may return to the office. I shall not need you any more now. You have been very kind to me, and I am very grateful to you."

Hulda met this declaration with a look of blank amazement. She had intended to "assist" at the scene of reconciliation and to participate in the benevolent friend of the heroine in the various chapters of the romance until it ended and "they lived happily ever afterward." Hulda despaired of her seeming thus far to say the least, ungracious.

"But, surely," she objected, "you don't intend to have me leave ye here, I shall sit down on the steps and wait for ye."

"Very well. But I think you had better not."

"Oh, shucks! I guess you may want me yet. You needn't hurry on my account."

Hulda walked up the creaking staircase and paused outside the door which the maid had indicated. Her heart raced. Her blood hammered in her temples. A mist gathered before her eyes and floated slowly away as she gazed at it. She must be strong now—strong, strong. She murmured the word with a passionate intensity and putting herself together resolved, come what may, not to surrender to any weakness.

She knocked at the door, and with her heart in her throat listened for a response.

She could hear some one move about inside in a hurried fashion, stumbling over a chair and raising or closing a window. She repeated her knock, and after a pause of half a minute the door was opened from the inside, and a young man with tousled hair and a handsome but dissipated face confronted her. He wore a pair of slippers down at the heels, and his slender figure was wrapped in a shabby overcoat.

"What do you want?" he asked peevishly.

He could scarcely distinguish her features in the dusk of the hall, but yet a startled look came into his eyes, and he fell back a step and opened the door wider.

"Good heavens!" he cried as the light from the window fell upon her face. "Hulda, in God's name, what are you doing here?"

It was difficult to tell whether he was not more astonished than delighted to see her, but after an instant of utter blankness he seemed to feel that his welcome was more too cordial, and pulling her into the room he kissed her, grasped both her hands and gazed at her and then kissed her again.

"Why do you take a fellow so by surprise?" he exclaimed in apologetic confusion. "Who under the sun expected

"I have found him," cried Hulda triumphantly.

Hulda pressed her hand against her heart. She did not trust herself to speak, but walked with subdued agitation across the floor and stood for awhile with her forehead pressed against the window. Then having mastered her emotion, she put on her hat and cloak and bade Hulda to follow her. The rain had now ceased, but the sky overhead was like a leaden roof which shut down upon the city, keeping all its smoke and exhalations imprisoned. The tone of the atmosphere was grayish brown and so dense that you could not see to the end of the block. But though not in a common sense pretty, the scene of the great populous streets was gloriously pictur-esque. The colossal 10 and 20 story buildings leaping out of the fog and rising themselves above in misty indistinctness, the huge tracks laden with merchandise and the endless succession of cable car trains shooting hither and thither, sounding their monotonous clack in the twilight, obtained but a picture the dusky conglomerate impressiveness of which was tremendously impressive. Hulda, clutching her companion's arm, looked about at the swarming crowds hurrying along the muddy sidewalks, and she marveled how she could have found her way here yesterday without guidance. She wondered, too, at the extraordinary ease with which Hulda moved through the multitude gliding along like a fish through water, without feelings or collisions. Quite content to interest herself to the leadership of this metropolitan character, she trudged along for a couple of blocks, oppressed with a hopeless sense of alarm which she fancied the world never be able to conquer. Presently she found herself in a street car and bade Hulda talk to her with flushed excitement, telling her of the strategy by which she had outwitted the pretty typewriter. It did not occur to her that there was anything wanting to Olaf Brun's fauna in this story, and as Hulda only sat looking at her with an enigmatic white smile, showing no sign of offense, Hulda persevered to the bitter end. She had expected a little praise for her ingenuity and thanks for her devotion, but having waited for awhile in vain was forced to the conclusion that Hulda had scarcely heard a word of what she had been saying. Hulda's

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUG. 18.

Bryan's friends complain that he is being too much mingled—Probability that McKinley will take the stump himself—Republican national committee to distribute 1,000,000 copies of Blaine's anti-silver speech—Niagara Falls special train collided with a bandit near Falls Village, Conn.; section foreman killed—John Mueller, New Jersey farmer, thought to have been murdered by his wife—President objects to having at the military academy at West Point—Deaths caused by the excessive heat in New York are estimated at nearly 1000—Peach crop vendors of state fruit and vegetables raided by New York police—Four men shot, two fatally, in a labor affray at Cleveland—Two of the New York infantry companies declined off—Young woman in Ohio poisoned her father, mother and brother—New 45 certificates now in circulation—Sculptor Olin L. Warner dead—Herbert Lyman of Moshield, Conn., arrested for robbing the mails—Robert J. Pucci, a mile in 2:03 at Fort Wayne—Prospects for fall business show no improvement—Nearly 100,000 quarts of milk spoiled in Boston by the hot weather—Dissensions as to freight rates in the west still continue in railroad circles.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16.

Non-union employee of Plant company, Lynn, Mass., shot and wounded a union workman, who attempted to assault him—Indication that the gold drain is coming to an end—Colonel Charles H. Hawley promoted to the quartermaster general of the army—Assistant book-keeper of a Brockton (Mass.) firm arrested for forgery—Charles W. Wood of Worcester, Mass., elected commander-in-chief of the Union Veterans' union—Death of Curtis Con Nichols, treasurer of the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank—Death of ex-Governor Edmund of Chelmsford—Lured French New York bank, will import 10,000,000 in gold—Death of Professor Joseph Dwight Whitney—Joe Patches paced in 1:53 and 2:03 at High Park—Murray Hill bank, New York, to resume business—Cars may be running in the Boston subway by next January—Governor Chittenden monument at Williston, Vt., dedicated—Texas man entered a claim for the land where Louisville now stands—New ventiling apparatus for the Massachusetts state house extension to cost \$1500—Stevens McBride beat his own record, crossing in 5 days, 17 hours and 56 minutes—Boston city treasurer borrowed \$10,000 this week at 4% and 6% per cent—Sir William M. Conway thinks Andre has started on his balloon expedition to the North Pole—Japheth Franklin, who was instantly killed by a locomotive in South Boston, evidently committed suicide—English post-packet thief, Henry Hosford, to be sent back to England from Boston for violating the immigration laws of the United States—By the explosion of a boiler used in constructing a sewer at Manchester, one man was killed and three badly injured—W. B. Hale, who disappeared from Stratford, Conn., leaves unpaid debts to the amount of about \$1000—Edward Bucko, aged 20, died at Naugatuck, Conn., from injuries received in a collision with a horse. He was thrown from his wheel—Frank Harrington, aged 65, was fatally injured at Hartford by a trolley car.

FRIDAY, AUG. 17.

Kansas gold standard Democrats will name in a separate electoral ticket—Vermont called while responding to an alarm in Buffalo—New York druggist wanted to blow up Fifth Avenue hotel—Military and naval sentences rendered to save expense of imprisonment—Potting on McKinley now 24 to 1—French consul and Russian commander at Camerun instructed to protect Crete Christians—German naval maneuvers carried out without a hitch—Germany seeking means to fight Standard Oil monopoly—Two senators killed in the west—Pennsylvania bankers urged to deposit their holdings of gold in United States treasury—Four thousand men in Buenos Ayres struck for an eight-hour working day—Corbett will go into training at Astbury park, N. J., to prepare for his fight with Tom Sharkey—Embalming British postal employee arrested on arraignment at Boston—Opening of Methodist camp meeting at Cottontown, Mass.—Mr. and Mrs. Maurice McCarthy arrived in New York from Europe—Man who killed Senator Mattie Cattlin of Virginia says he did it in self-defense—Twenty-sixty criminals arrested at West Haven, Conn., for riding along a narrow path, close to a trolley track—Connellville Grogg's saloon at New Haven raided by police and Secretary Treasurer of the State Law and Order League, and two truck loads of liquor confiscated—Spanish gumbot or American man-of-war patrolling coast of Brunswick (Ga.) customs district.

TUESDAY, AUG. 18.

More than 40 states will be represented at the Democratic gold standard convention at Indianapolis—B. C. Sprague of Attleboro, Mass., missing—Several Fall River (Mass.) mills started up again after the shutdown—Painters strike in New York a failure—Death of George Rogers, a well known Boston merchant—More Spanish troops to embark for Cuba next week—Four members of the president's cabinet have visited him at Gray Gables since Saturday—Wagon load of dynamite exploded near Lancaster, Pa., killing three men—Stanton Abbott bested by McPortland in an eight-round boxing bout—A Montreal man robbed of \$1000 worth of jewelry at Old Orchard, Me.—Nationalist demonstration in Belfast—Storms of extraordinary violence reported from the west—H. P. Robinson of Boston accused of counterfeiting clear trademarks—Holds for New York city gold bonds disappointingly low—During the disturbances in Cuba all our naval vessels will be kept in commission—Harry Brothers of Swampscott, Mass., accidentally shot near Phillips' beach at that place—Boston tax rate is \$12.00 on \$100, instead of \$12.50, as for the last three years—Thomas Devany, one of the Irish dynasties, who, in Edinburgh, 13 years ago, was sentenced to penal servitude for life, was released from Portland prison—The residence of Frederick Paulkner, a boot manufacturer, at Lowell, Mass., was destroyed by fire; loss \$10,000.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 19.

One man killed and one badly hurt by collapse of new freight station of the New England railroad at South Boston—Bourke Cockran replied to Carlisle—Bryan in a strong speech upholding the gold standard—Ohio delegates to Democratic convention at Indianapolis, it is said, will make a fight for endorsement of McKinley—Sen. Caronan says Spain will make to claim against United States—Candidate Bryan denies explicitly that he was ever invited by mine owners to deliver speeches—Bourke's men won in New York city primary—Professor

Nichollas Crouch, author of "Ruthleen Maevourneen," died at Portland, Me.—Canadian crop outlook discouraging—Melford, Mass., voted to appropriate \$100,000 for current expenses—Thermometer fell 40 degrees in Nebraska in 4 hours—New York police force needs more men, and Roosevelt issued a call—General uprising of the Yugo Indians against Mexican rule—Prince of Naples reported betrothed to Princess Helen of Montenegro—Neil brothers won the championship of the United States in tennis doubles—Two men buried in a cave in Roxbury district, Boston, and dug out just in time to save their lives—Report that Father Muller will succeed Battoli as papal delegate to the United States confirmed—Several towns in Massachusetts to have steam rollers furnished by the Massachusetts highway commission—Lawyer Pattee says that the value of the estate of John Houston, Jr., is likely to be higher than has been expected—Watson denounces the invasion of New York by Bryan, and says Sewall's presence on the ticket was responsible for the weak speech—New Delhi's certificates can be issued from the Boston sub-treasury only in the regular course of business or by paying gold or gold certificates for them—Two inches of snow fell on the summit of Mt. Washington.

THURSDAY, AUG. 20.

Non-union employee of Plant company, Lynn, Mass., shot and wounded a union workman, who attempted to assault him—Indication that the gold drain is coming to an end—Colonel Charles H. Hawley promoted to the quartermaster general of the army—Assistant book-keeper of a Brockton (Mass.) firm arrested for forgery—Charles W. Wood of Worcester, Mass., elected commander-in-chief of the Union Veterans' union—Death of Curtis Con Nichols, treasurer of the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank—Death of ex-Governor Edmund of Chelmsford—Lured French New York bank, will import 10,000,000 in gold—Death of Professor Joseph Dwight Whitney—Joe Patches paced in 1:53 and 2:03 at High Park—Murray Hill bank, New York, to resume business—Cars may be running in the Boston subway by next January—Governor Chittenden monument at Williston, Vt., dedicated—Texas man entered a claim for the land where Louisville now stands—New ventiling apparatus for the Massachusetts state house extension to cost \$1500—Stevens McBride beat his own record, crossing in 5 days, 17 hours and 56 minutes—Boston city treasurer borrowed \$10,000 this week at 4% and 6% per cent—Sir William M. Conway thinks Andre has started on his balloon expedition to the North Pole—Japheth Franklin, who was instantly killed by a locomotive in South Boston, evidently committed suicide—English post-packet thief, Henry Hosford, to be sent back to England from Boston for violating the immigration laws of the United States—By the explosion of a boiler used in constructing a sewer at Manchester, one man was killed and three badly injured—W. B. Hale, who disappeared from Stratford, Conn., leaves unpaid debts to the amount of about \$1000—Edward Bucko, aged 20, died at Naugatuck, Conn., from injuries received in a collision with a horse. He was thrown from his wheel—Frank Harrington, aged 65, was fatally injured at Hartford by a trolley car.

FRIDAY, AUG. 21.

Maine gold standard Democrats met in convention, repudiated Chicago platform and elected delegates to Indianapolis—General John B. Mosby of Virginia will not support Bryan—Bynum denies that gold standard Democrats will endorse McKinley—Senator Palmer says Indianapolis convention will adopt a platform, but nominate no ticket—Railroads dismissing employees on account of falling off of freight business due to silver agitation—Joseph Connolly dying at Boston as result of alleged family quarrel at his home—Kentucky Populists will not support Bryan, and will Democrats to withdraw him—Texas Democrats refuse to fuse with Populists on election—Rumor that Candidate Seawall has withdrawn authoritatively denied—Cornelius Van derbilt, Jr., and his wife will not attend his sister's wedding—William M. Brady nominated for governor by New York Prohibitionists—Non-union masters of Plant factory, Lynn, Mass., followed by a crowd of 6000. Two knocked down and 2500—Kennebunkport's (Me.) river carnival a grand success—George Fred Williams speaks at Spencer, Mass.—National League of Republicans clubs will canvass every county in every state in the country—Candidate McKinley's letter of acceptance will be given out early next week—The Norwegians will live \$1,200,000 worth of gold bars to New York—Address of Lord Chief Justice Russell at Saratoga on international arbitration—The Vaquero won the Whitney cup for 50-footers at Newport, R. I.—Tommy Ryan defeated Dick Moore in a 20-round fight—Sumner F. Claffin nominated by Socialistic-Labor party for mayor of Manchester, N. H.—Funeral of Miss Mary Abby Dodge, better known as "Gall Hamilton," at Hamilton, Mass.—Carnival at North Sutton, N. H.—Cruiser Brooklyn inspected by naval examining board—M. Hart's "roller" steamer launched at St. Denis—Death of Joseph Brown, author of "Edgewood Folks"—North Side second annual coaching parade occurred at Lancaster, N. H.—Factories in Waltham, Mass., closed on account of the silver agitation—Five hundred Brooklyn members of the Legion of Honor succeeded—Packers and provisions shippers agitated by a reduction in railroad rates—Official inquiry into the police commission of New York said to be impending—Railroad companies may carry news matter, according to Postmaster General Wilson's order—W. G. Anderson, the former manager of the office of A. E. Johnson & Co., in Boston, committed suicide on board a Portland (Me.) steamer. He was a defaulter—Attachment for \$20,000 granted against Ovington Bros., importers of China and glassware, New York—Passenger train on the Boston and Maine road derailed in the yard at Portsmouth, N. H. Thirty passengers seriously beaten up, but no one was injured.

Shooter Not Arrested

Lynn, Mass., Aug. 20—George Pearson and Charles O. Barlow were arrested last night on a charge of provoking an assault on William J. Whilton, a non-union laster, employed in the J. O. Plant factory. During the assault, Whilton pulled a .32-caliber revolver, and shot Barlow in the leg. Whilton was arrested, as it was clear that he acted in self-defense. The arrested men are lasters.

Morton and the Presidency

Omaha, Aug. 21—All Eastern Democratic managers say they are not yet decided as to the presentation of J. Sterling Morton's name as a presidential candidate at the national convention at Indianapolis. A conference of gold standard Democrats will be held here within a few days, to consider the advisability of presenting Secretary Morton's name.



BIG AND GOOD.

BattleAx PLUG

Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money.

No doubt about that.

But once in a while it isn't.

For instance, there's "BATTLE AX."

The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good."

There's no guess work in this statement.

It is just a plain fact.

You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

MISS DORRIS BRADY.

Reurrence of Attack of Paralytic Bowel Her Book of Life.

WEATHER-CROP BULLETIN.

Report of the Weather Bureau for the Week Ending Aug. 17.

Boston, Aug. 18.—"Until Hamilton," Mary Abigail Dodge, old Hamilton at 8:50 last evening, without retaining consciousness since she was stricken Sunday morning. While sitting at breakfast Sunday morning, Miss Dodge was stricken with paralysis. She fell from her chair and was propped up in an unconscious condition.

She had been in good health all summer, and until Sunday morning she was out driving nearly every day, accompanied by her sister, Augusta. Owing to her wonderful constitution she lived many hours longer than her physician thought possible. She passed away without a struggle or a movement, seems to be doing well, except that in southern sections potatoes are running to considerable extent.

A Leaded Forger.

Waltham, Mass., Aug. 20.—Mewen, Graham, Vickerston, O'Neill, Tracy, Weatherbee and Mayble, officers of an Orange lodge here, were arraigned before Judge Luce yesterday, charged with an assault and battery on P. A. Proble and Edward Arch. The plaintiffs testified that they were candidates for initiation into the lodge, and that during the ceremony they were branded over the heart with a searing iron, and that they were cruelly beaten with rattans over the naked limbs and bodies. The court found the defendants guilty, and imposed a fine of \$35 each.

Death Message Was Genuine.

Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 19.—The handwriting on the note found in the bottle on the Georges Bank, by the schooner Mariner, purporting to have been thrown from the schooner Falcon, was yesterday compared with that of Captain Nelson and the members of the crew. The writing on the note was so nearly like that of Captain Nelson as to leave no doubt of his genuineness, and the fate of the Falcon, as told by the note and the bottle, is now accepted as a fact by those interested.

A Scientific Wonder.

Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 19.—Perched Lowell announces from Flagstaff, Ariz., that with his new 24-inch telescope he has been able to see that the Martian canal (Ongars) is double. The Lowell observatory will be established near the City of Mexico for the opposition of Mars this winter, but in the meantime, for a number of reasons, it has been temporarily located at Flagstaff.

England Should Interfere.

London, Aug. 20.—A dispatch to The Chronicle from Constantinople says that the sultan has decided to send Ignatius, the former patriarch, into exile. Trif-Jill has been designated as the place of exile, and the correspondent adds that the life of the ex-patriarch, in that case, will not be worth a day's purchase. In conclusion, the correspondent of The Chronicle says: "England ought quickly to interfere to prevent this infamy."

Mysterious Proceedings.

Hudson, Mass., Aug. 19.—On Saturday last, Jennie Clark, 17 years old, left home, wearing her factory clothes. She did not return that night, but was seen Saturday morning in company with Frank Coleman. When an officer called to see Coleman yesterday he ran out the back door of his house and did not return.

A Self-Confessed Firebug.

Boston, Aug. 20.—Joseph Connolly, 24, is dying at the city hospital from injuries received in a family quarrel. His brother-in-law, John J. King, also 24, is locked up on the charge of assault with a hammer. King is married to Connolly's sister, and the two families reside at 135 Bowen street. King came home from work, and it is said, found Connolly beating Mrs. King. King had a hammer in his hand and attacked Connolly, inflicting four severe scalp wounds and fracturing his skull. Dr. Young found Connolly had been probably fatally injured and ordered his removal to the city hospital.

He Wasn't Reckless.

Plymouth, N. H., Aug. 21.—At the regular meeting of the trustees of the New Hampshire state normal school yesterday, Charles C. Rounds, Ph. D., the principal of that institution, tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and Professor John E. Russell of Boston was elected acting principal until the board can make a further appointment. Mr. Russell is at present in Europe. Mr. Rounds is a native of Maine, and is well known in educational circles. In 1894 he was elected president of the national council of education.

Wanted—An Idea.

Protect your Men; they may be in danger. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Agents, Washington, D. C. for their \$100 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

She Was Experienced.

The flush of victory was upon his face. He felt that he was a veritable Don Juan.

"You are the first girl that I ever kissed," he said.

"Oh, I could tell that," she replied.

Not Guilty.

Superior Officer—You are accused of sleeping on your watch.

Sgt.—Impossible sir.

Impossible? What do you mean?

My watch has been at the pawn-broker for six months.—[Amusing Journal.]

Going to Extremes.

"Bunderson has the worst case of Anglophobia I ever heard of."

"How so?"

"Just because he heard it was against the English law honored his deceased wife's sister."—Detroit News.

New Advertisements.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, Holden on Monday, the 18th day of August, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of George Norton King, guardian of the person and estate of

WILLIAM H. KING,

of full age, of said Newport, presented this day, by his attorney, to the said Court, to cause to be made a new bond with securities satisfactory to said Court.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 18th day of August, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for four weeks.

WM. H. HAMMETT,

Probate Clerk.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, Holden on Monday, the 18th day of August, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of

MARGARET H. HOUGH AND WILLIAM

presented this day, representing themselves to be minors over the age of fourteen years and residents of said Newport, and praying this Court to approve of said Norton King, whom they have chosen to be their guardian.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 18th day of August, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for four weeks.

WM. H. HAMMETT,

Probate Clerk.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, Holden on Monday, the 18th day of August, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Constant Smith, Administrator on the estate of

JAMES E. LYNN,

late of Newport, deceased, presented this day, praying for leave to sell at private rates a certain estate, situated in the City of Newport, to pay debts, taxes, and other expenses of said estate, and to defray the expenses of his funeral, of supporting his family and settling his estate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 18th day of August, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for four weeks.

WM. H. HAMMETT,

Furniture.

OLD OAK

Chamber Set,

Wire Springs

AND

SOFT TOP MATTRESS,

for \$25.00,

AT—

BRYER'S.

PACKING.

WE PACK

FURNITURE, CROCKERY,
BRIC-A-BRAC, PICTURES and
STATUARY.

Only experienced hands employed.

All orders promptly attended to.

We carry a fine line of

Modern and Antique Furniture,

Carpets, Mattings and Rugs.

J. W. HORTON & CO.,

42 CHURCH STREET.

J. W. HORTON. V. A. WARD.

JOHN S. LANGLEY,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. ALSO

Furnishing Undertaker.

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &c.

FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

16 Franklin St., Newport, R.I.

Residence, No. 1 School St.

J. T. MARTIN,

BOTTLER,

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER

and agent for

LEAVY & BRITTON'S CANADA MALT ALES AND
THE CELEBRATED
WHATCHEER LAGER555 Thames, cor. Lee Avenue,
Families supplied. Telephone, 14-41-42.

BOOTS.

Calf Boots,
Kip Boots,
Grain Boots,
Felt Boots,
Wool Boots,

Rubber Boots,

At our usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLM'S,

186 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends

that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1896, my plan

of business will be NO. 15 Market Square. Any

one who has umbrellas or parasols will please

all for them here.

I shall have larger premises and will buy no

smaller second-hand furniture and antiquities.

ROCCO BARONE, Ferry Wharf.

COME EARLY

I and we can show you the finest selection of

Baby Carriages

to be found in Newport.

ALL THE NEWEST STYLES AT

Lowest Prices.

W. K. COVELL,

1163 Thames Street.

STRENGTH, VITALITY, MANHOOD

THE SCIENCE
OF LIFE

W. H. PARKER, M.D., a Professor of the

Newport Medical Institute, to whom are

given the gold medal by the National

Medical Association, and the Prize Essay

Prize, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

Medal of the New England Medical

Society, and the Gold Medal of the New

England Medical Society, and the Gold

